Stan Lee PRESENTS: G.I. JOE A REAL AMERICAN HERO™

SCRIPT: LARRY HAMA / PENCILS: HERB TRIMPE / INKS: J. ABEL & J. D'AGOSTINO / LETTERS: DIANA ALBERS / COLORS: GEORGE ROUSSOS / EDITOR: TOM DEFALCO / CHIEF: JIM SHOOTER

THE TROJAN GAMBIT

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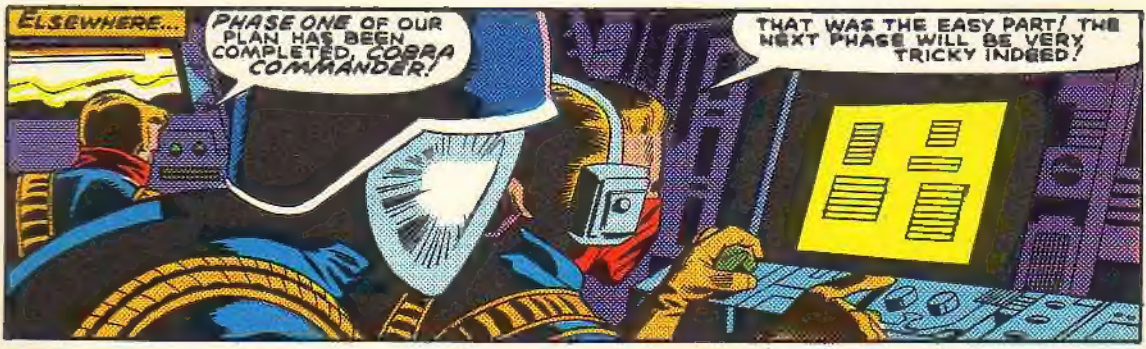
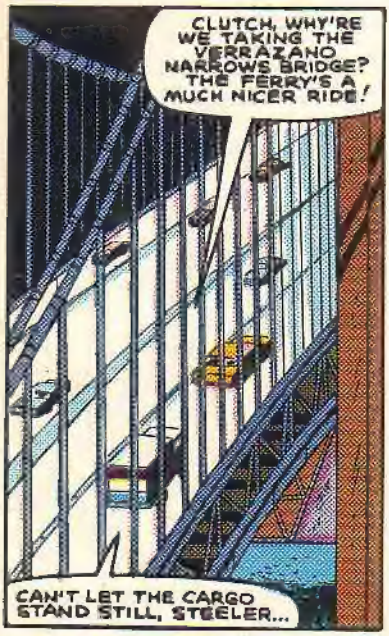
HEY, STEELER! WHAT ABOUT THE ROBOT'S CONTROL CONSOLE? WE HAULIN' THIS AWAY TOO?
NAH! ROCK 'N ROLL MUST'VE PUMPED 200 ROUNDS OF 7.62 NATO INTO THOSE CIRCUIT BOARDS! THAT SUCKER'S RED-LINED FOR THE SCRAP HEAP, CLUTCH!

BREAKER, YOUR BACK-UP TEAM IS ON THE WAY! THEY'LL BE IN THREE VEHICLES DISGUISED AS MAIL TRUCKS!
GET THE ROBOT BACK TO THE G.I. JOE COMMAND CENTER-- THE PIT-- AND RUN SOME PRELIMINARY SCANS ON IT! THE TECH-TEAM FROM ABERDEEN WILL BE UP SOMETIME TOMORROW TO GIVE IT THE HAIRY EYEBALL.
AND STOP CHEWING THAT GUM!
ER... YES, SIR!

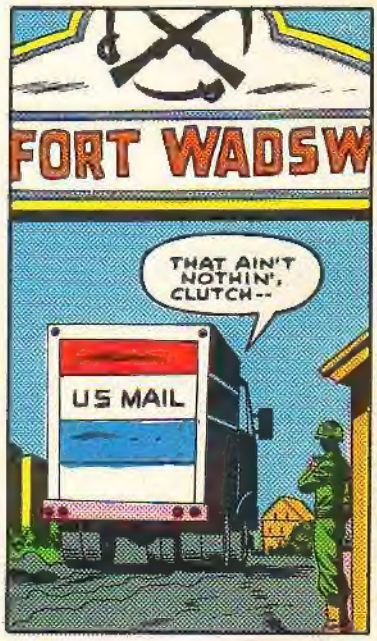
US
US MAIL
US MAIL
DANGER ZONE
HEADS UP, JOES! OUR TRANSPORT'S HERE!
PUT THE PRISONERS IN THE FIRST TRUCK--AND LOAD THE ROBOT IN THE SECOND TRUCK...

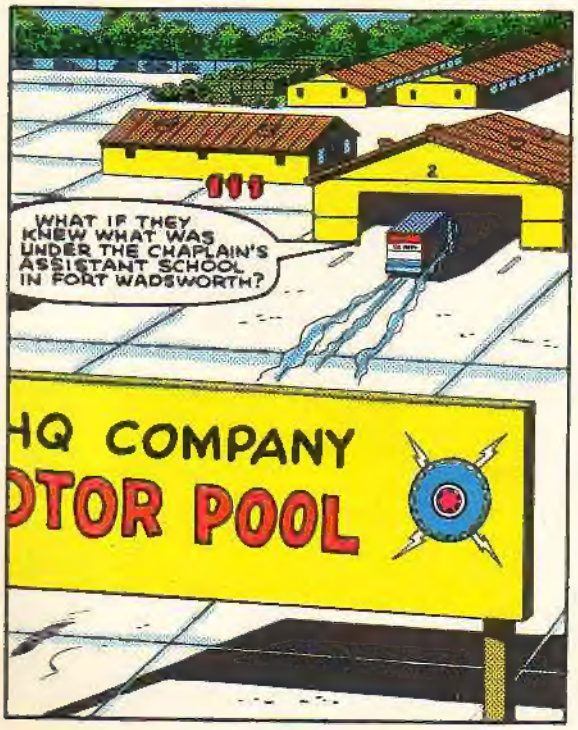
SCARLETT AND I WILL RIDE IN THE THIRD TRUCK WITH THE WOUNDED.
HAWK, THE PRISONERS ARE GOING TO THE STOCKADE AT FORT HAMILTON, AND THE WOUNDED ARE GOIN' IN THE BACK DOOR OF THE V. A. HOSPITAL!
CHECK! CLUTCH, I'M SENDING BREAKER BACK WITH YOU AND STEELER!
HE CAN RIDE IN THE BACK WITH THE ROBOT.


ELSEWHERE...
PHASE ONE OF OUR PLAN HAS BEEN COMPLETED, COBRA COMMANDER!
THAT WAS THE EASY PART! THE NEXT PHASE WILL BE VERY TRICKY INDEED!

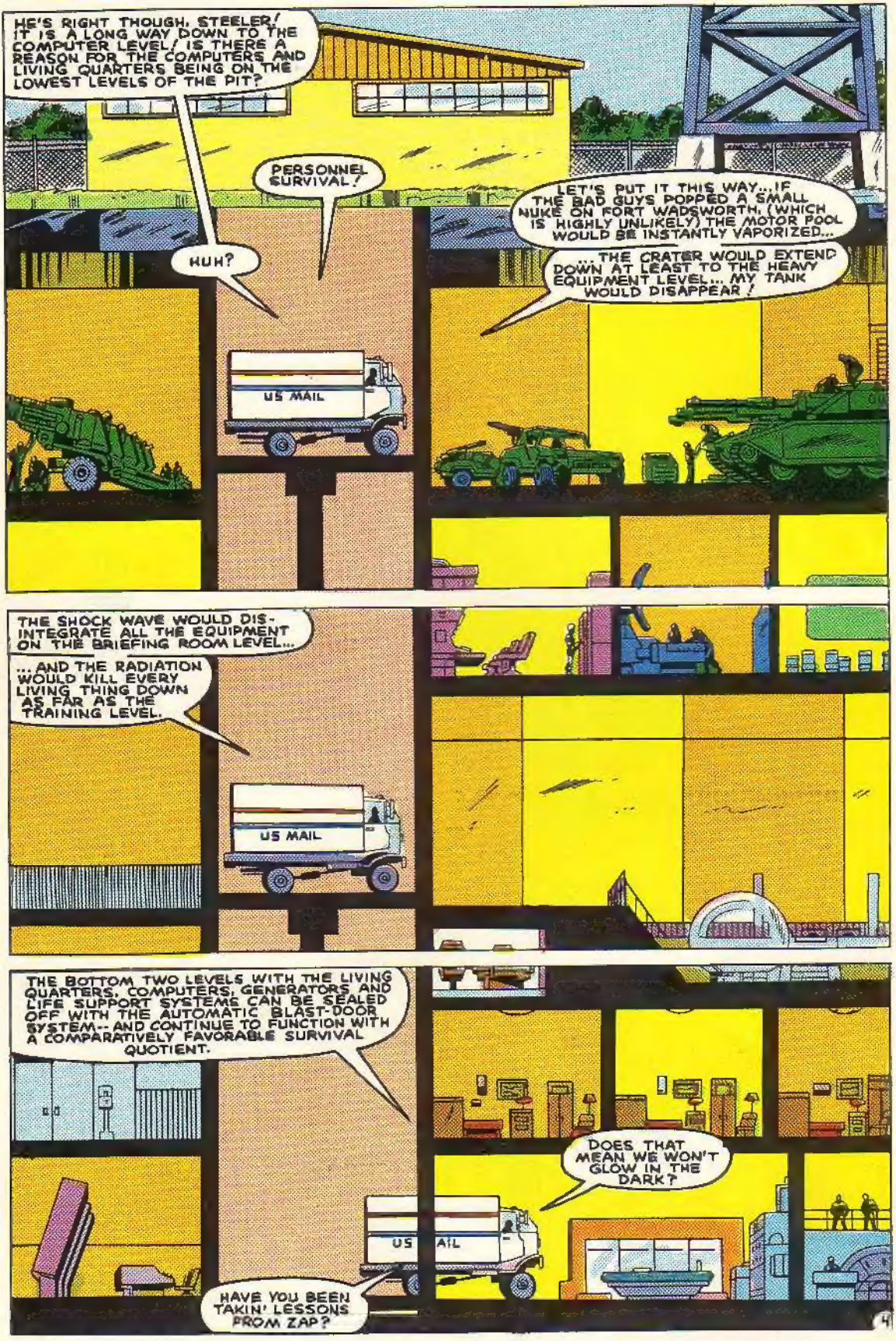

CLUTCH, WHY'RE WE TAKING THE VERRAZANO NARROWS BRIDGE? THE FERRY'S A MUCH NICER RIDE!
CAN'T LET THE CARGO STAND STILL, STEELER...

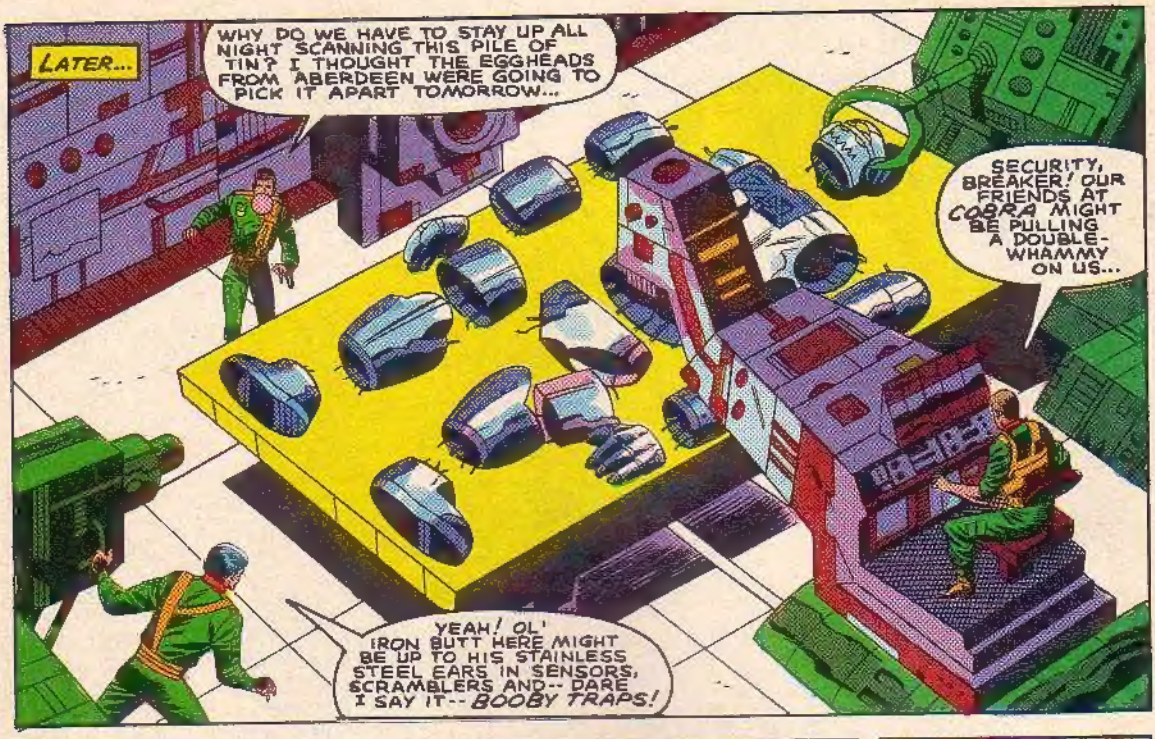
WE'D HAVE A HEAP O' TROUBLE IF AN UNAUTHORIZED CIVILIAN TOOK A PEEK IN THE BACK! IMAGINE WHAT THESE STATEN ISLANDERS WOULD THINK IF THEY KNEW WHAT WAS ROLLING THROUGH THEIR STREETS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.


FORT WADSW
THAT AIN'T NOTHIN', CLUTCH--
US MAIL


WHAT IF THEY KNEW WHAT WAS UNDER THE CHAPLAIN'S ASSISTANT SCHOOL IN FORT WADSWORTH?
HQ COMPANY
OTOR POOL

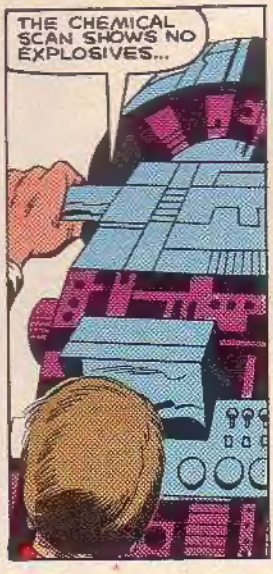
SEND US ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE COMPUTER LEVEL, ZAP.
ZAP, YOU'RE ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A CHEST WOUND!
THAT'S A LONG TRIP, HOMBRE. SURE YOU DON'T WANNA SEE THE IN-FLIGHT MOVIE? IT'S "JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH"!


HE'S RIGHT THOUGH, STEELER! IT IS A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE COMPUTER LEVEL! IS THERE A REASON FOR THE COMPUTERS AND LIVING QUARTERS BEING ON THE LOWEST LEVELS OF THE PIT?
PERSONNEL SURVIVAL!
HUH?
US MAIL
LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY... IF THE BAD GUYS POPPED A SMALL NUKE ON FORT WADSWORTH, (WHICH IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY) THE MOTOR POOL WOULD BE INSTANTLY VAPORIZED...
... THE CRATER WOULD EXTEND DOWN AT LEAST TO THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT LEVEL... MY TANK WOULD DISAPPEAR!
THE SHOCK WAVE WOULD DIS-INTEGRATE ALL THE EQUIPMENT ON THE BRIEFING ROOM LEVEL...
... AND THE RADIATION WOULD KILL EVERY LIVING THING DOWN AS FAR AS THE TRAINING LEVEL.
US MAIL
THE BOTTOM TWO LEVELS WITH THE LIVING QUARTERS, COMPUTERS, GENERATORS AND LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS CAN BE SEALED OFF WITH THE AUTOMATIC BLAST-DOOR SYSTEM-- AND CONTINUE TO FUNCTION WITH A COMPARATIVELY FAVORABLE SURVIVAL QUOTIENT.
DOES THAT MEAN WE WON'T GLOW IN THE DARK?
US MAIL
HAVE YOU BEEN TAKIN' LESSONS FROM ZAP?


LATER...
WHY DO WE HAVE TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT SCANNING THIS PILE OF TIN? I THOUGHT THE EGGHEADS FROM ABERDEEN WERE GOING TO PICK IT APART TOMORROW...
SECURITY, BREAKER! OUR FRIENDS AT COBRA MIGHT BE PULLING A DOUBLE-WHAMMY ON US...
YEAH! OL' IRON BUTT HERE MIGHT BE UP TO HIS STAINLESS STEEL EARS IN SENSORS, SCRAMBLERS AND-- DARE I SAY IT-- BOOBY TRAPS!

YOU MEAN THIS THING MIGHT HAVE A BOMB IN ITS SHORTS?

NOT LIKELY! OUR SENSORS SHOW NO ACTIVE MECHANICAL OR ELECTRONIC DEVICES! THAT RULES OUT A TIMER!

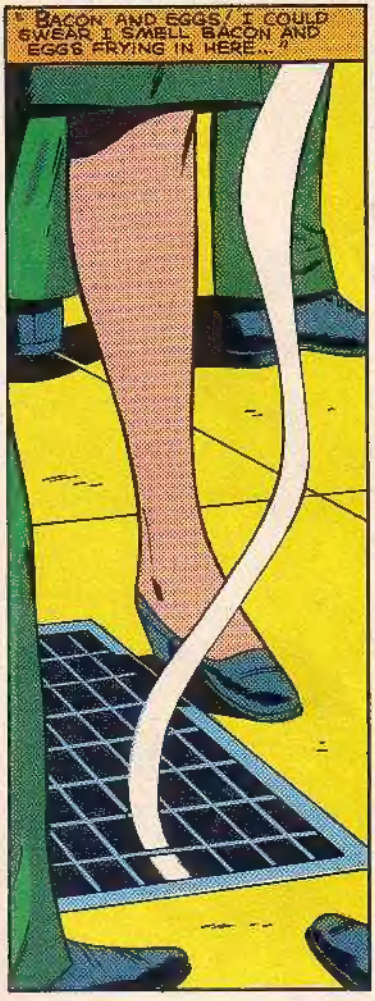

THE CHEMICAL SCAN SHOWS NO EXPLOSIVES...

WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE IS ONE DEAD ROBOT.

HOURS LATER...
SCARLETT AND I CAME BACK TO CHANGE INTO DRESS GREENS BEFORE MAKING A SHOWING AT THE CHAPLAIN'S ASSISTANTS' SOCIAL TEA--WHICH IS BEING HELD IN THE MOTOR POOL UPSTAIRS! MUST MAINTAIN OUR COVER, YOU KNOW!
SNAKE-EYES, FLASH AND STALKER WILL COLLECT YOUR WEAPONS FOR STORAGE IN THE ARMS ROOM.
SOUNDS GOOD, HAWK!
WE'RE THROUGH WITH THE SCAN! HOW ABOUT SOME BREAKFAST, GUYS?
HECK, LET'S HAVE LUNCH AND DINNER WHILE WE'RE AT IT!

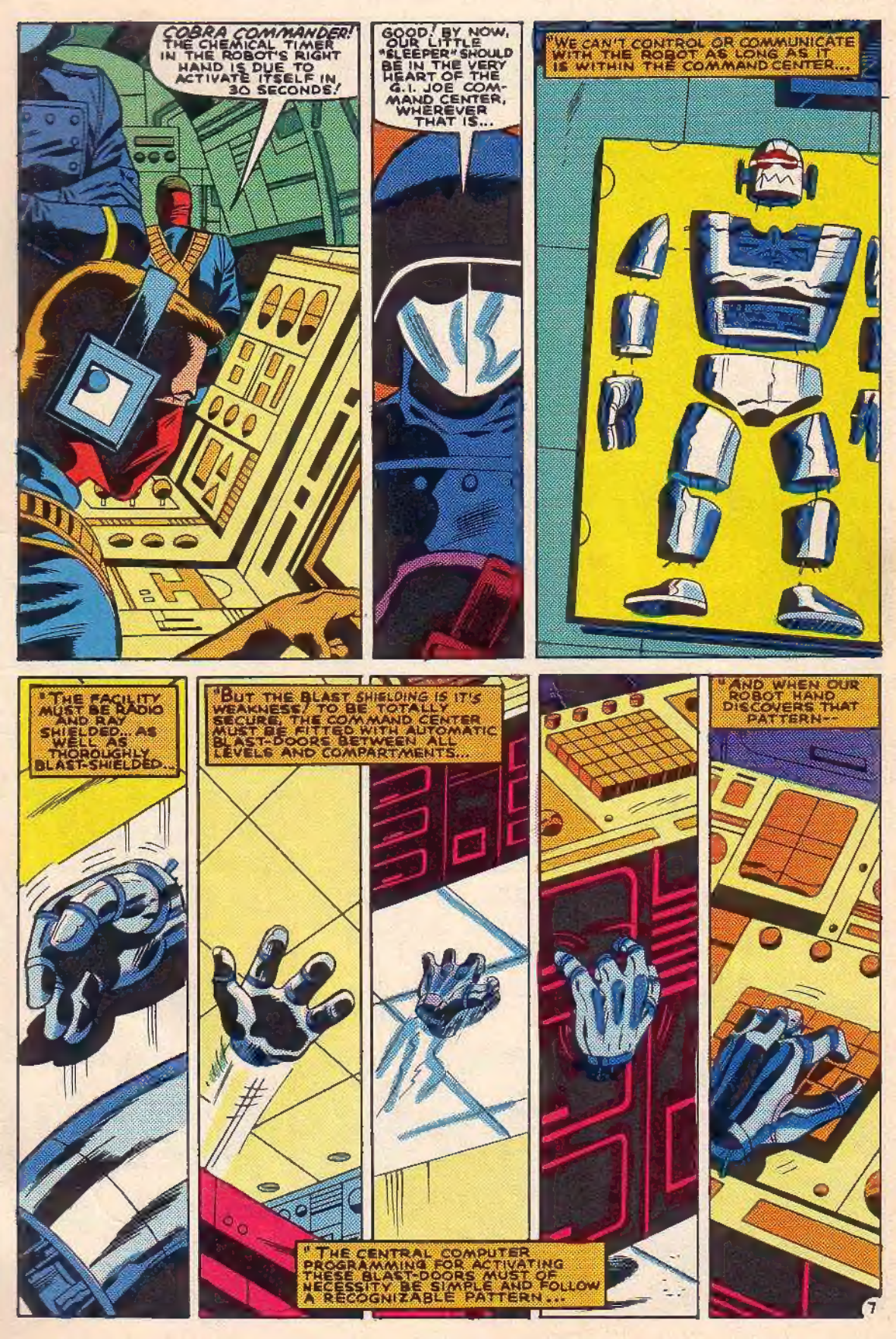
ONE HOUR LATER, AND SIX LEVELS HIGHER...
CHAPLAIN'S ASSISTANTS' SOCIAL TEA
TELL ME, COLONEL... HOW DO SOLDIERS ASSIGNED TO A CHAPLAIN'S MOTOR POOL MANAGE TO ACQUIRE SUCH AN IMPRESSIVE ARRAY OF DECORATIONS?

WELL, M'AM, WHEN WE'RE NOT DRIVING THE PADRE TO CHAPEL, WE'RE OUT HUNTING DOWN INTERNATIONAL TERRORISTS...
COLONEL! YOU'RE PULLING MY LEG! TERRORISTS... INDEED...
MMMMM! BACON AND EGGS!
PARDON?

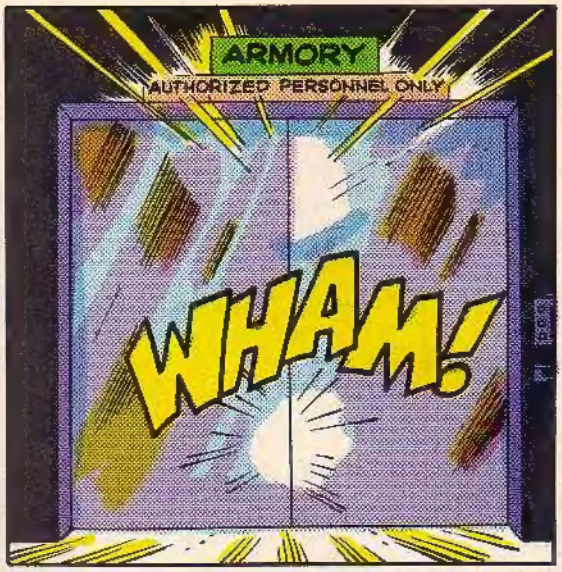

BACON AND EGGS! I COULD SWEAR I SMELL BACON AND EGGS FRYING IN HERE...

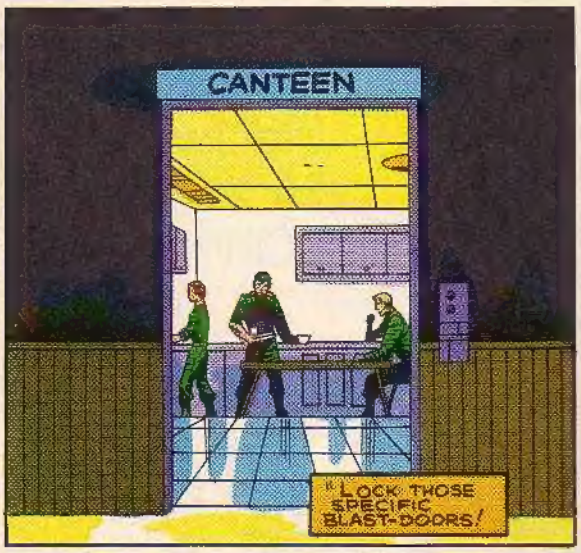
FIVE LEVELS DOWN IN THE PIT'S CANTEEN...
STEELER, YOU WANT YOUR CACKLEFRUIT, RUNNY OR RUBBERY?
SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN! THE BACON COULD STAND BEING A BIT CRISPER...

SIX LEVELS DOWN, IN THE ARMS ROOM...
FLASH, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY OL' SNAKE-EYES ALWAYS VOLUNTEERS TO CLEAN ALL THE WEAPONS HIMSELF!
REAL SIMPLE, STALKER! HE DOESN'T WANT YOUR WEAPON TO JAM IF YOU'RE COVERING HIM...

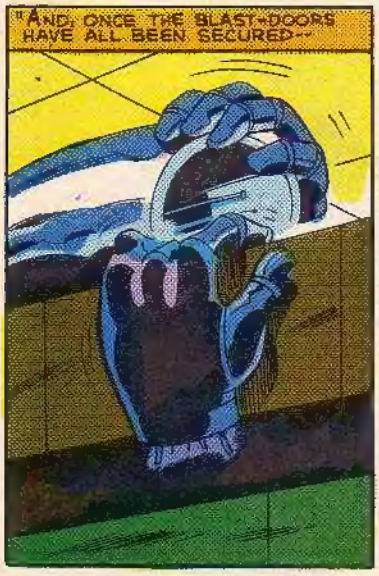

COBRA COMMANDER! THE CHEMICAL TIMER IN THE ROBOT'S RIGHT HAND IS DUE TO ACTIVATE ITSELF IN 30 SECONDS!
GOOD! BY NOW, OUR LITTLE "SLEEPER" SHOULD BE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE G.I. JOE COMMAND CENTER, WHEREVER THAT IS...
"WE CAN'T CONTROL OR COMMUNICATE WITH THE ROBOT AS LONG AS IT IS WITHIN THE COMMAND CENTER...
"THE FACILITY MUST BE RADIO AND RAY SHIELDED... AS WELL AS THOROUGHLY BLAST-SHIELDED...
"BUT THE BLAST SHIELDING IS IT'S WEAKNESS! TO BE TOTALLY SECURE, THE COMMAND CENTER MUST BE FITTED WITH AUTOMATIC BLAST-DOORS BETWEEN ALL LEVELS AND COMPARTMENTS...
"THE CENTRAL COMPUTER PROGRAMMING FOR ACTIVATING THESE BLAST-DOORS MUST OF NECESSITY BE SIMPLE AND FOLLOW A RECOGNIZABLE PATTERN...
"AND WHEN OUR ROBOT HAND DISCOVERS THAT PATTERN--

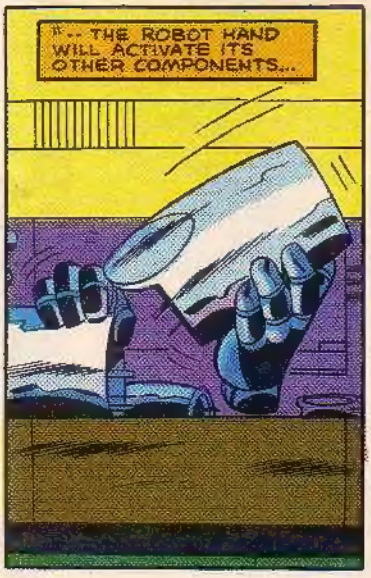
ARMORY
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
"--IT WILL SCAN THE SENSORS TO FIND ALL OCCUPIED SECTORS!

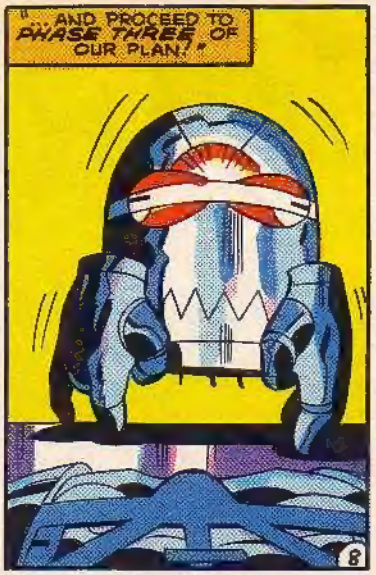

ARMORY
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
WHAM!


CANTEEN
"LOCK THOSE SPECIFIC BLAST-DOORS!

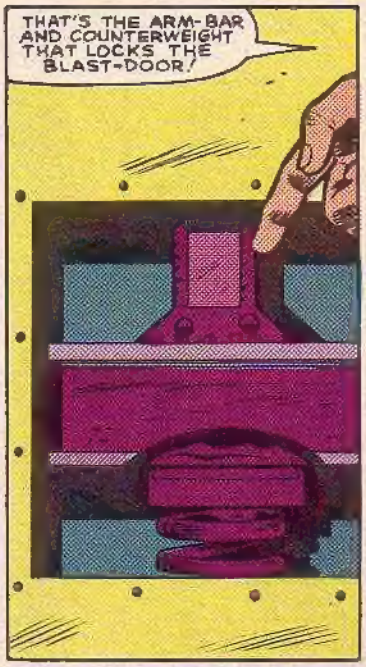
CANTEEN
WHAM!


"AND, ONCE THE BLAST-DOORS HAVE ALL BEEN SECURED--


"-- THE ROBOT HAND WILL ACTIVATE ITS OTHER COMPONENTS...


"AND PROCEED TO PHASE THREE OF OUR PLAN!"

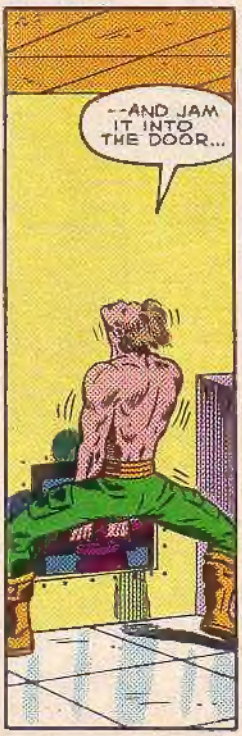
MEANWHILE, IN THE CANTEEN...
DON'T MESS WITH THAT ACCESS PLATE, CLUTCH! WE MAY BE UNDER ATTACK...
NO WAY, STEELER! THE ALARMS WOULD'VE GONE OFF FIRST! IT'S PROBABLY A COMPUTER FOUL-UP.


THAT'S THE ARM-BAR AND COUNTERWEIGHT THAT LOCKS THE BLAST-DOOR!

BUT WITHOUT A CROWBAR OR A PIPE WRENCH WE'RE NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO BUDGE IT! BEST TO SIT TIGHT AND WAIT FOR HELP!

Y'KNOW, CLUTCH, I DON'T BUY THIS COMPUTER FOUL-UP NONSENSE! SOMETHING'S FISHY AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT! STAND ASIDE!
STEELER, YOU'RE SOME KIND OF CRAZY! THAT BLAST-DOOR IS 200 POUNDS OF DEAD WEIGHT! THOSE COUNTERWEIGHTS AIN'T FOOLIN' ABOUT BEIN' HEAVY!

BREAKER, YOU NEVER HAD TO REPLACE A BOGEY WHEEL ON A TANK IN THE FIELD! JUST GRAB THAT CHAIR--

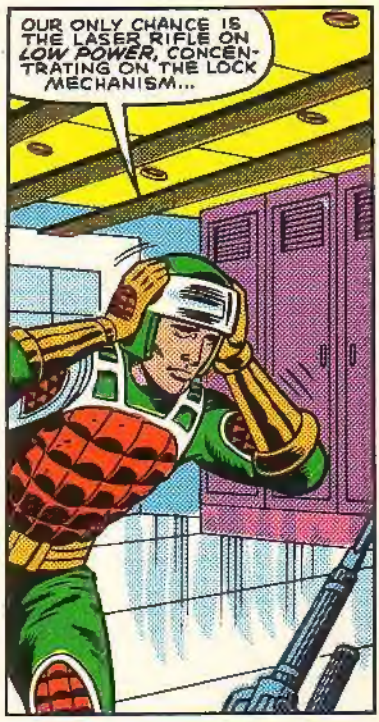

--AND JAM IT INTO THE DOOR...

NOW!

SHOOT! I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, STEELER! JUST GIVEN' YOU A HARD TIME IS ALL!

IN THE ARMS ROOM...
OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS GETTING OUT! ANY OF THE HEAVIER WEAPONS IN HERE COULD EASILY KNOCK THIS DOOR DOWN! BUT THE BLAST WOULD PROBABLY KILL US!
TOTALLY UNACCEPTABLE!

AT FULL POWER THE LASER RIFLE WOULD DO THE TRICK BUT IT WOULD EAT UP TOO MUCH OXYGEN TOO FAST! WE'D SUFFOCATE BEFORE THE DOOR WAS BURNT THROUGH!
EQUALLY UNACCEPTABLE.


OUR ONLY CHANCE IS THE LASER RIFLE ON LOW POWER, CONCENTRATING ON THE LOCK MECHANISM...

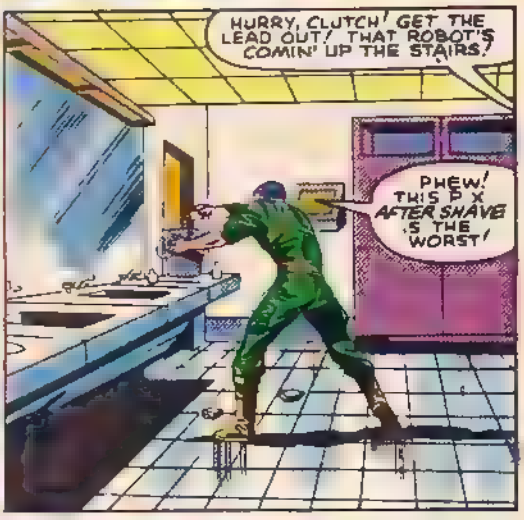
IT'S YOUR BALL GAME, FLASH! SNAKE-EYES AND I ARE GONNA BUNK-OUT TO CONSERVE AIR! WAKE US WHEN THE DOOR'S OPEN!
YOU GOT IT!

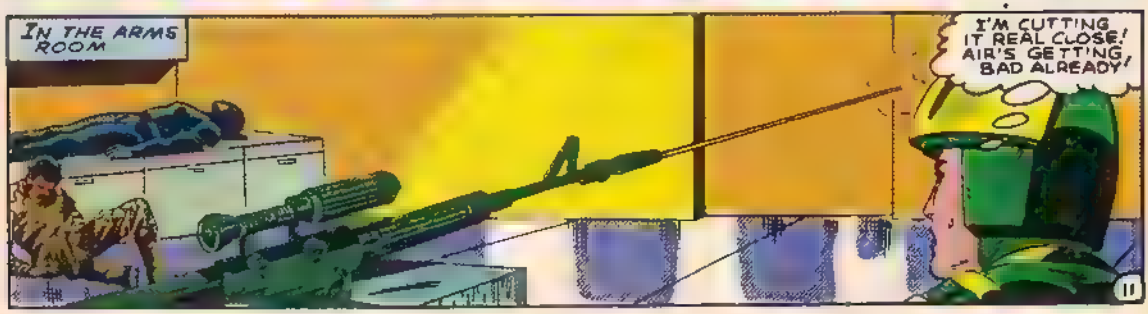
IN THE EMERGENCY STAIRWELL BETWEEN THE FIFTH AND SIXTH LEVELS...
WHAT'S THE RUSH, CLUTCH? A MINUTE AGO YOU WERE WILLIN' TO WAIT IT OUT...
SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S THAT ROBOT IN THE COMPUTER ROOM!

BUT WE SCANNED THAT THING INSIDE AND OUT! IT'S INERT!

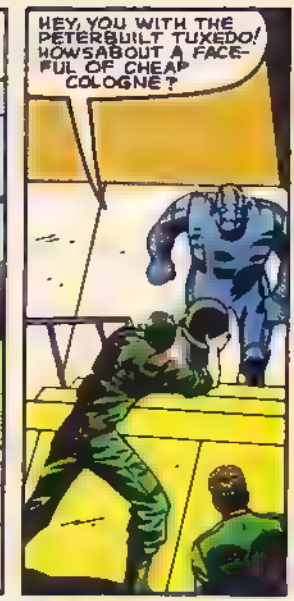
BESIDES, IT'S BEEN DISMANTLED! I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK IT GOT UP OFF THE TABLE AND RE-ASSEMBLED ITSELF!?
COMPUTER ROO

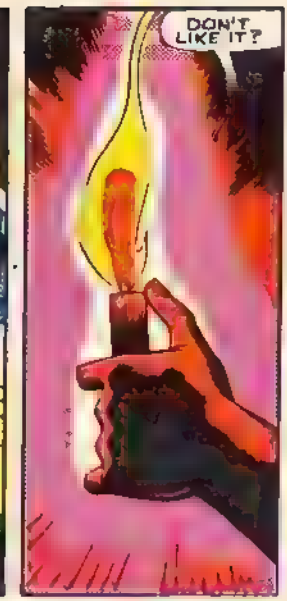
HOLY SPIT!
BREAKER, YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL!
WHAMM!
DON'T I KNOW IT? I'M EATIN' THOSE WORDS NOW--AND THEY AIN'T TASTY!
BLAMM!
BA-DOOM!!



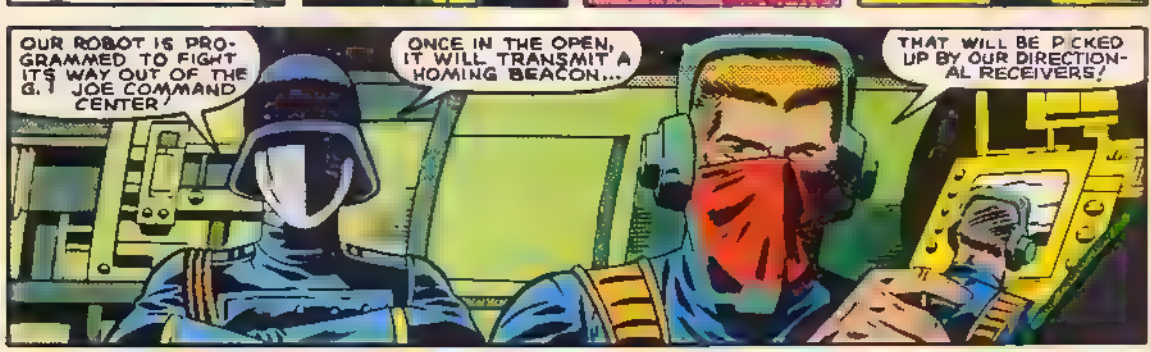


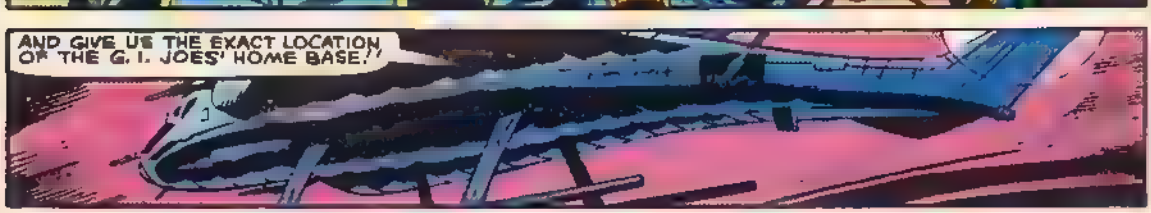
HEAR IT, CLUTCH?
I AIN'T DEAF, YOU KNOW!
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK

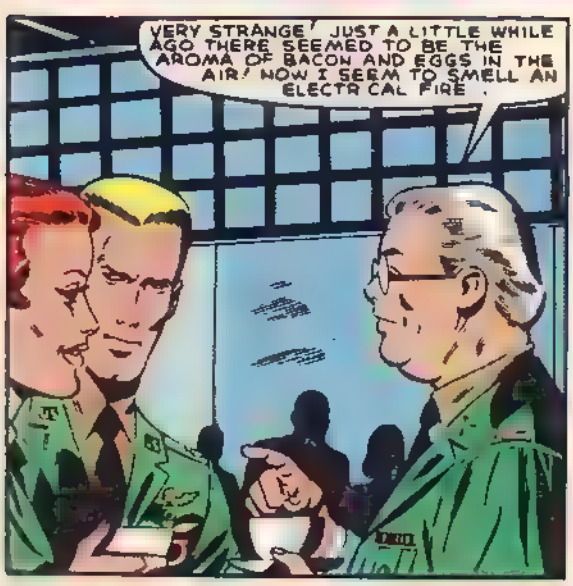

HEY, YOU WITH THE PETERBUILT TUXEDO! HOWSABOUT A FACE-FUL OF CHEAP COLOGNE?

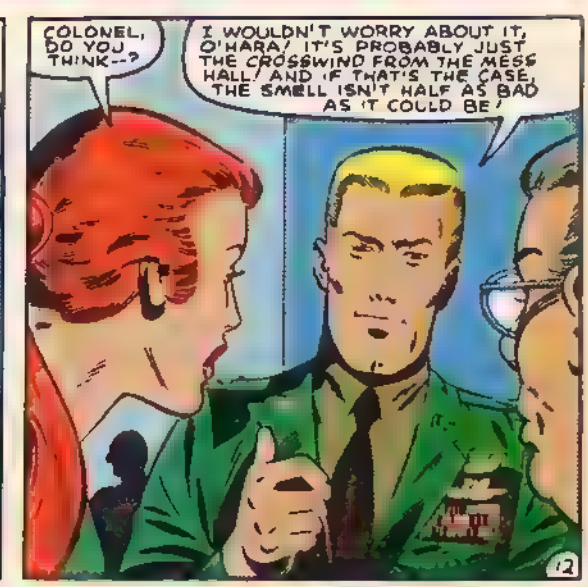

DON'T LIKE IT?

NO NEED TO GET BURNT UP ABOUT IT!
FWOOOOSH!


OUR ROBOT IS PROGRAMMED TO FIGHT ITS WAY OUT OF THE G.I. JOE COMMAND CENTER,
ONCE IN THE OPEN, IT WILL TRANSMIT A HOMING BEACON...
THAT WILL BE PICKED UP BY OUR DIRECTIONAL RECEIVERS!


AND GIVE US THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE G.I. JOES' HOME BASE!


VERY STRANGE! JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO THERE SEEMED TO BE THE AROMA OF BACON AND EGGS IN THE AIR! NOW I SEEM TO SMELL AN ELECTRICAL FIRE.

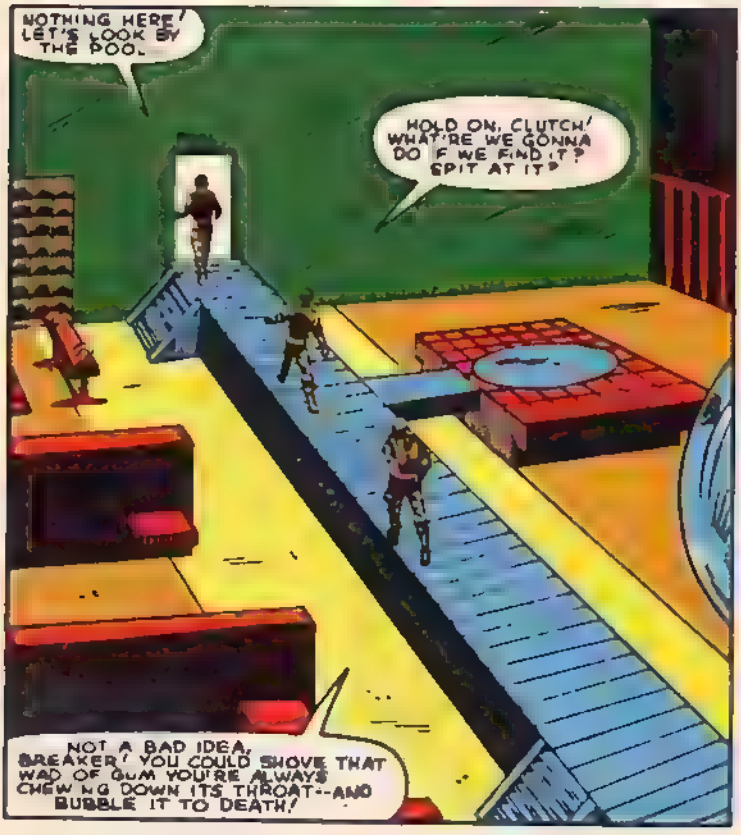

COLONEL, DO YOU THINK--?
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT, O'HARA! IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE CROSSWIND FROM THE MESS HALL! AND IF THAT'S THE CASE, THE SMELL ISN'T HALF AS BAD AS IT COULD BE!

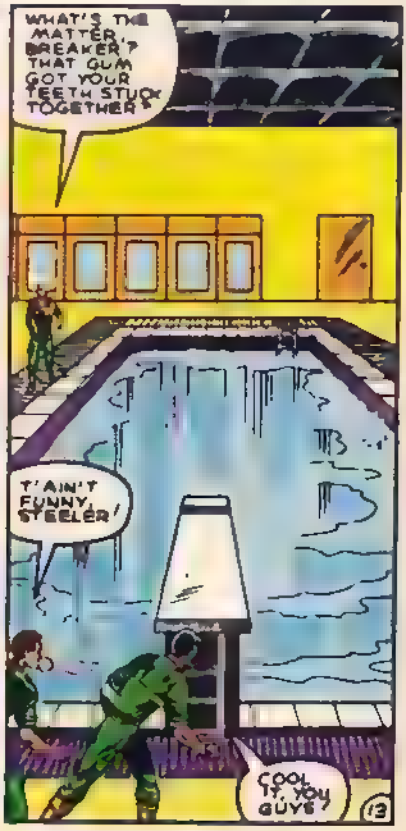
MEANWHILE, ON THE TRAINING LEVEL AREA..
I CAN HEAR IT MOVIN' OUT THERE, CLUTCH!
EXIT
GIVE IT ANOTHER MINUTE! MAYBE THE FIRE'LL BLOW ONE OF ITS MAIN CIRCUITS!

HEY! IT'S GONE!
IT CAN'T BE GONE!

WHERE CAN IT BE? HOW DO YOU HIDE A TEN FOOT TALL ROBOT-- THAT'S ON FIRE?
IT'S GOTTA BE ON THIS LEVEL! WE DIDN'T HEAR ANY OTHER STAIRWELL DOORS OPENING..

I DON'T LIKE THIS!
YOU AND ME BOTH!
TRAINING AREA
C'MON, GUYS! LET'S CHECK OUT THE TRAINING AREA!

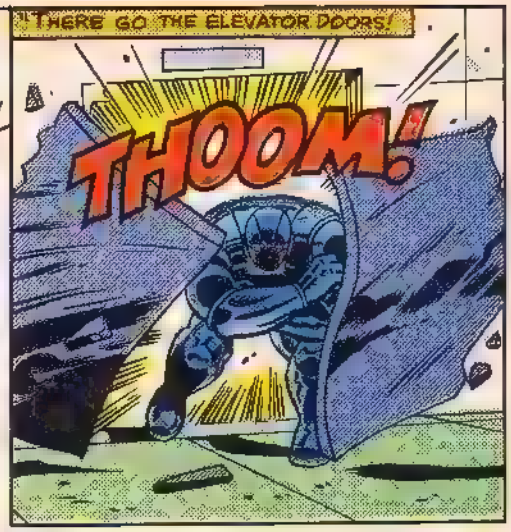

NOTHING HERE! LET'S LOOK BY THE POOL.
HOLD ON, CLUTCH! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO IF WE FIND IT? SPIT AT IT?
NOT A BAD IDEA, BREAKER! YOU COULD SHOVE THAT WAD OF GUM YOU'RE ALWAYS CHEWING DOWN ITS THROAT--AND BUBBLE IT TO DEATH!

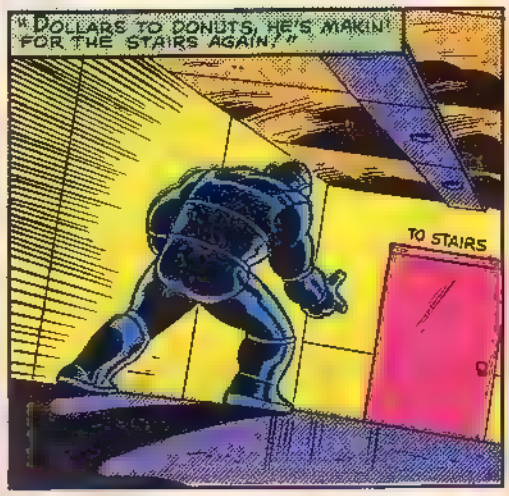

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BREAKER? THAT GUM GOT YOUR TEETH STUCK TOGETHER?
T'AIN'T FUNNY, STEELER!
COOL IT, YOU GUYS!

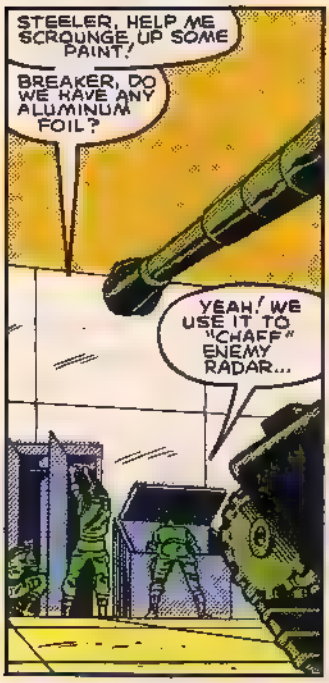
LOOK!
IT SUBMERGED ITSELF IN THE POOL TO PUT OUT THE FIRE!
HEAD FOR THE ELEVATOR!
THIS ELEVATOR ONLY GOES UP AS FAR AS THE GARAGE LEVEL!
IT'LL HAVE TO DO!
MAN, LOOK AT ALL THAT HEAVY HARDWARE! AND NONE OF IT IS LOADED!
ALL THE AMMO IS LOCKED IN THE ARMORY-- SIX LEVELS DOWN!
YOU HEAR THAT? THE ROBOT'S BUSTIN' DOWN THE ELEVATOR DOORS BELOW US!
KRASH!
I HEAR THE CABLES STRAINING! IT'S CLIMBING UP AFTER US!
THAT'S OKAY!
I'LL JUST SEND THE CAR BACK DOWN ON TOP OF IT!
CRUNCH!

WOW! THAT SUCKER IS TOUGH! IT SMASHED THE ELEVATOR AND IT'S STILL CLIMBING!
WELL THEN, WE'LL JUST CHUCK THIS LASER CANNON UPSIDE HIS HEAD!
YEAH!

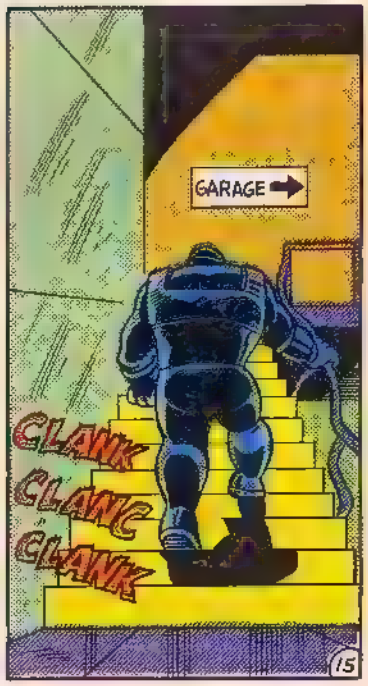
OH, NO! MISSED!
THAT RUST-BUCKET IS STANDIN' ON THE LEDGE OF THE BRIEFING ROOM LEVEL!

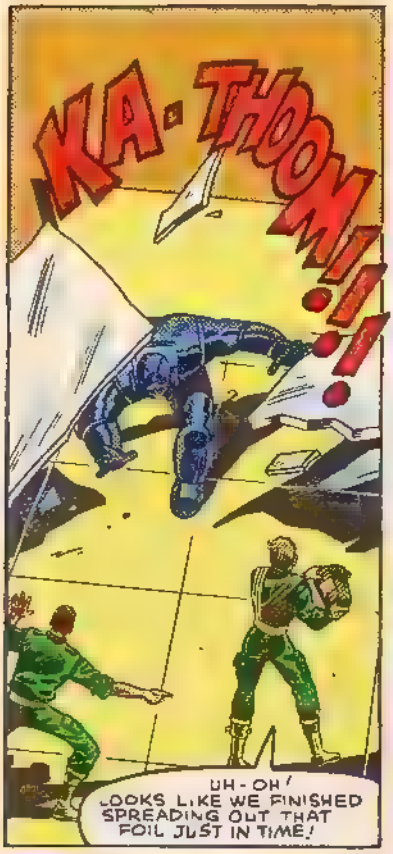

THERE GO THE ELEVATOR DOORS!
THOOM!


"DOLLARS TO DONUTS, HE'S MAKIN' FOR THE STAIRS AGAIN!"
TO STAIRS


STEELER, HELP ME SCROUNGE UP SOME PAINT!
BREAKER, DO WE HAVE ANY ALUMINUM FOIL?
YEAH! WE USE IT TO "CHAFF" ENEMY RADAR...

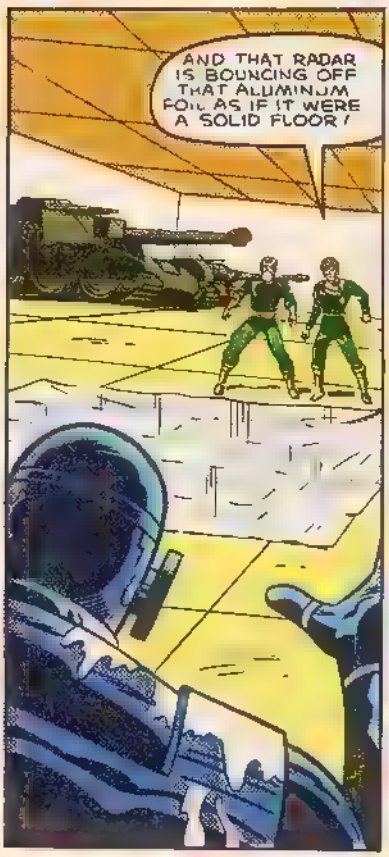
BA-DOOM

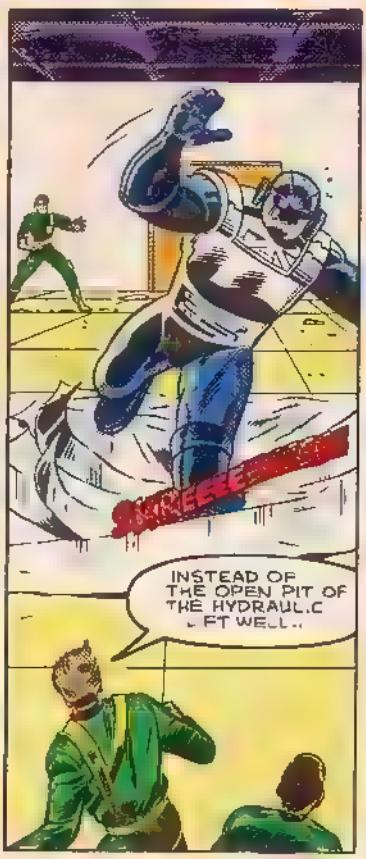

GARAGE
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK


KA-THOOM!!!
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE WE FINISHED SPREADING OUT THAT FOIL JUST IN TIME!

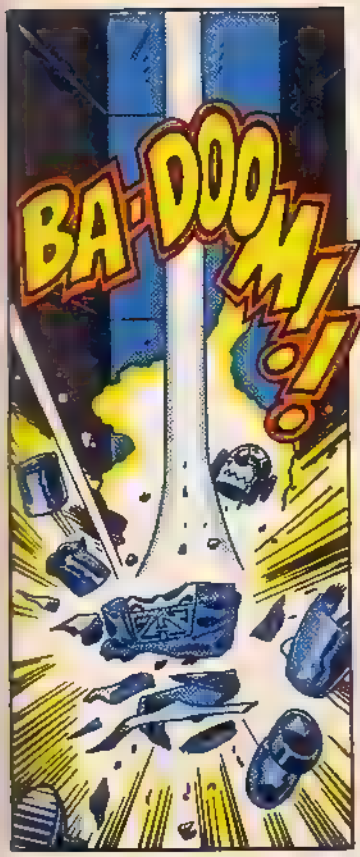
THAT'S RIGHT, CLUTCH! HERE GOES NOTHING!
SPLOOOSH!
SILVER PAINT

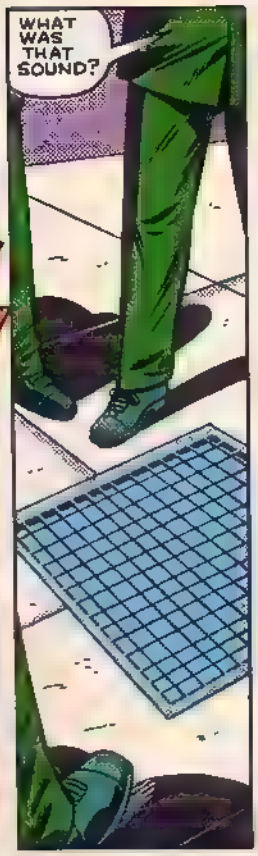
THAT PAINT SHOULD PUT THE KIBOSH ON ITS VISUAL RECEPTORS!
IT'S GOTTA RELY ON RADAR TO TRACK US..

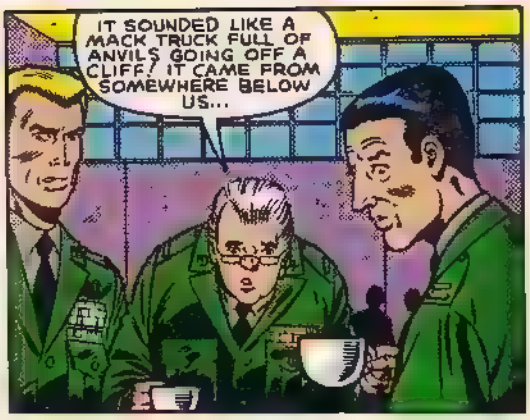

AND THAT RADAR IS BOUNCING OFF THAT ALUMINUM FOIL AS IF IT WERE A SOLID FLOOR!

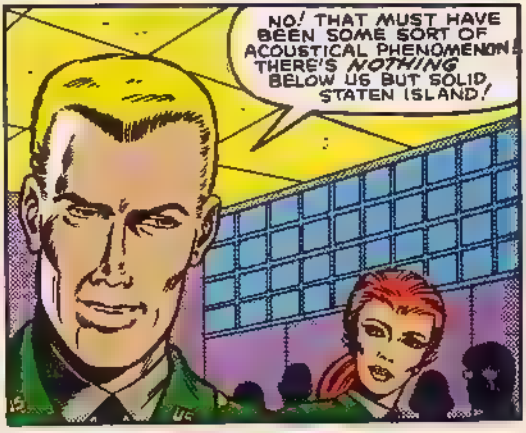

SKREEEE
INSTEAD OF THE OPEN PIT OF THE HYDRAULIC LIFT WELL..

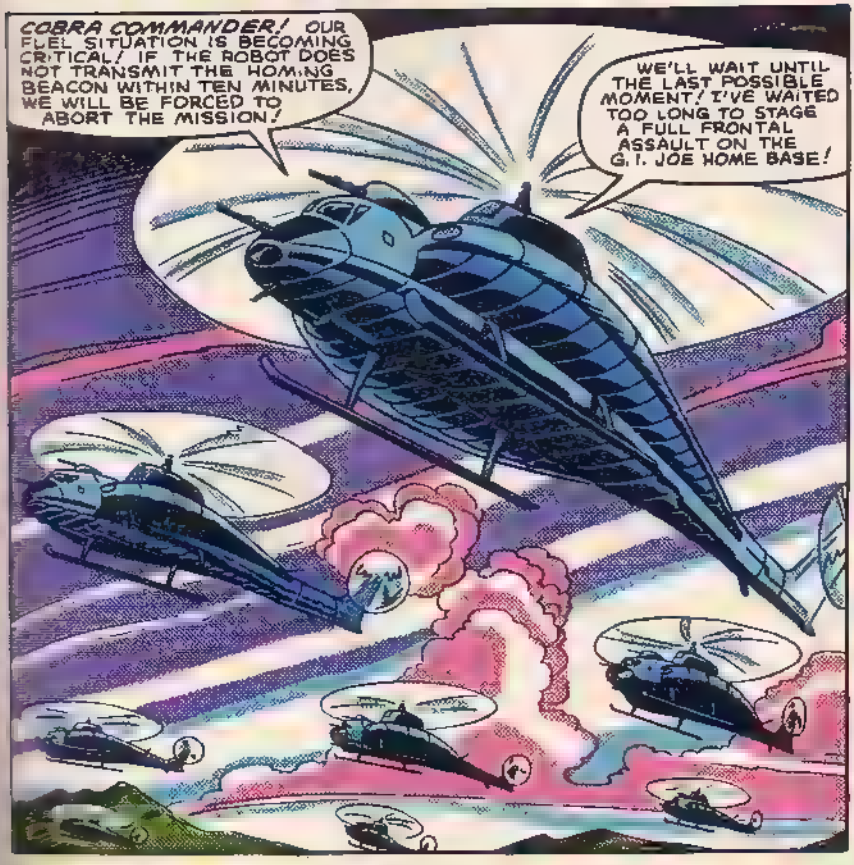
"..THAT GOES ALL THE WAY BACK DOWN SIX FLOORS TO THE COMPUTER LEVEL!"


BA-DOOM!

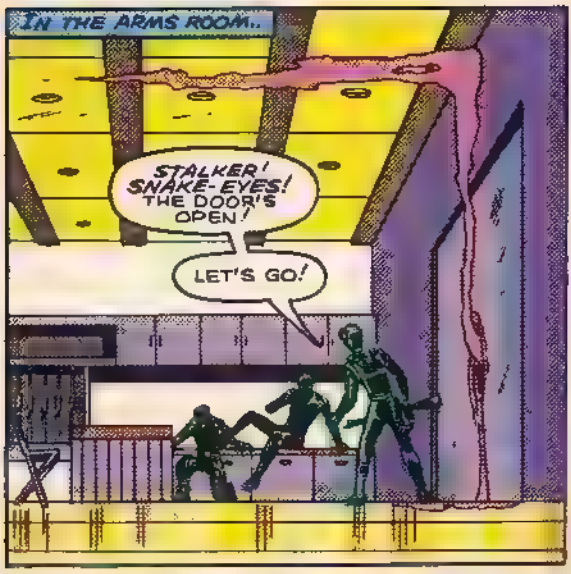

WHAT WAS THAT SOUND?

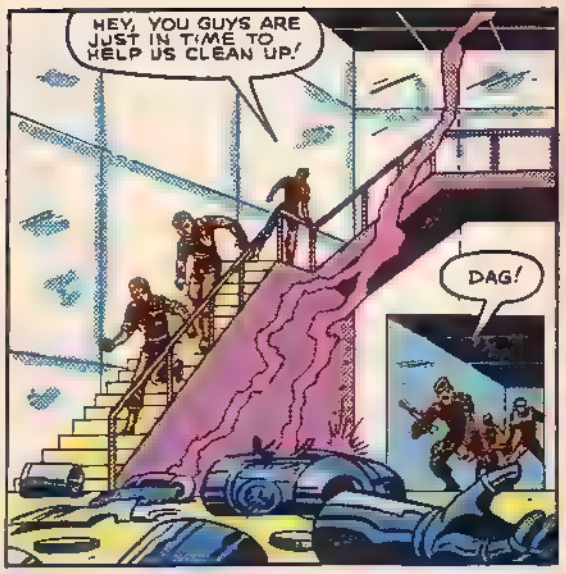

IT SOUNDED LIKE A MACK TRUCK FULL OF ANVILS GOING OFF A CLIFF! IT CAME FROM SOMEWHERE BELOW US...

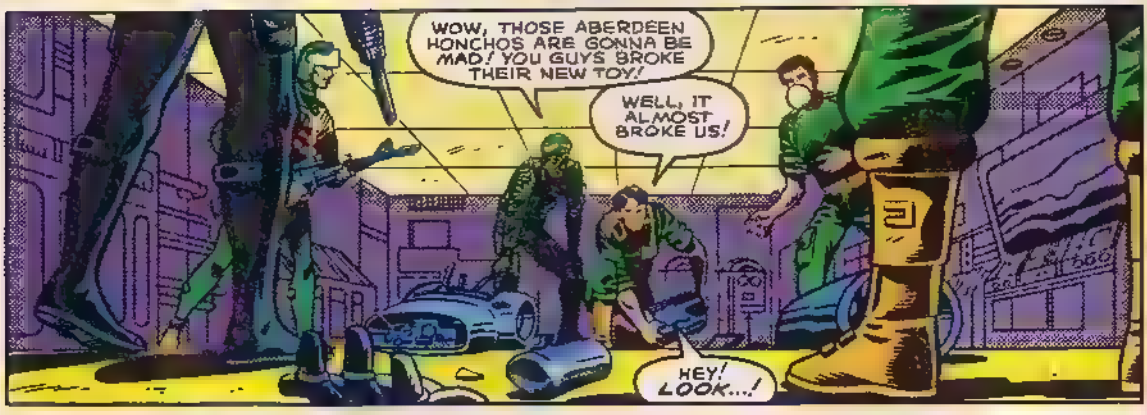

NO! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME SORT OF ACOUSTICAL PHENOMENON! THERE'S *NOTHING* BELOW US BUT SOLID STATEN ISLAND!

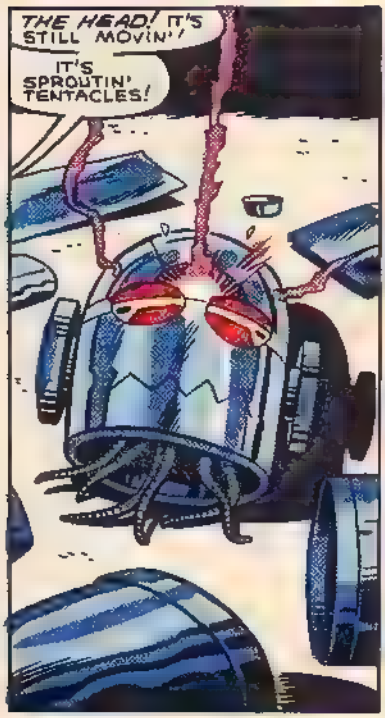

COBRA COMMANDER! OUR FUEL SITUATION IS BECOMING CRITICAL! IF THE ROBOT DOES NOT TRANSMIT THE HOMING BEACON WITHIN TEN MINUTES, WE WILL BE FORCED TO ABORT THE MISSION!
WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT! I'VE WAITED TOO LONG TO STAGE A FULL FRONTAL ASSAULT ON THE G.I. JOE HOME BASE!

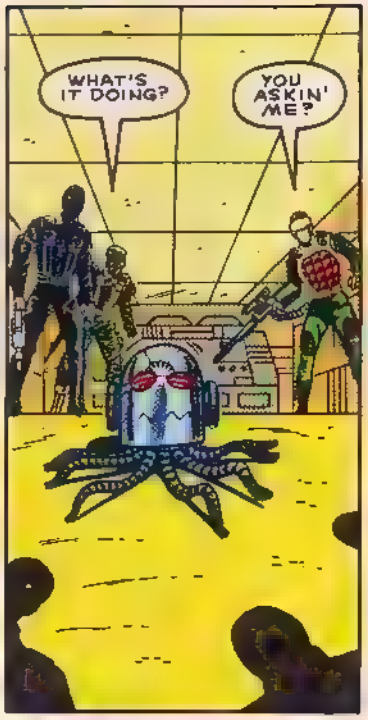
THE ROBOT WILL SUCCEED! AND WE SHALL DESTROY THEIR *COMMAND CENTER!*

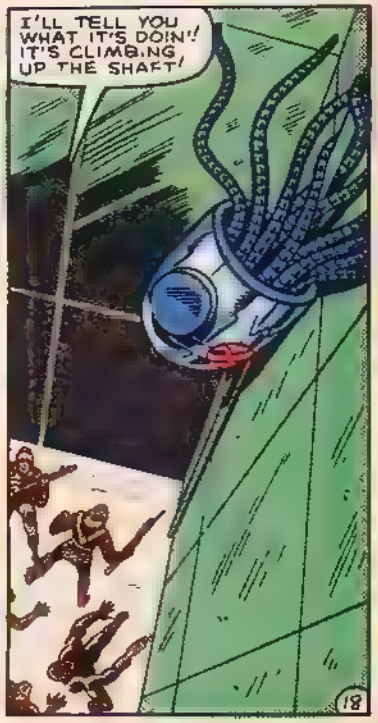

IN THE ARMS ROOM...
STALKER! SNAKE-EYES! THE DOOR'S OPEN!
LET'S GO!


HEY, YOU GUYS ARE JUST IN TIME TO HELP US CLEAN UP!
DAG!

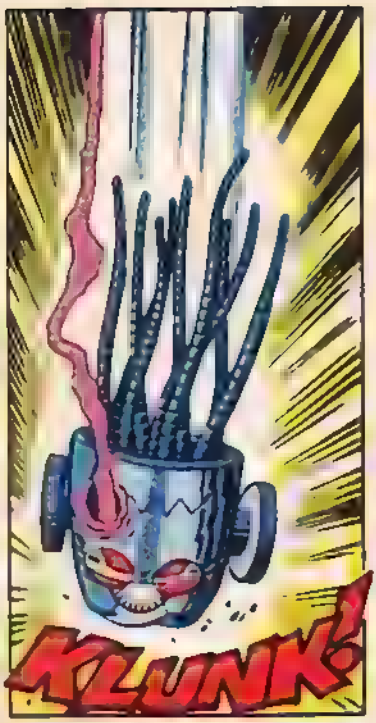

WOW, THOSE ABERDEEN HONCHOS ARE GONNA BE MAD! YOU GUYS BROKE THEIR NEW TOY!
WELL, IT ALMOST BROKE US!
HEY! LOOK...!


THE HEAD! IT'S STILL MOVIN'!
IT'S SPROUTIN' TENTACLES!


WHAT'S IT DOING?
YOU ASKIN' ME?

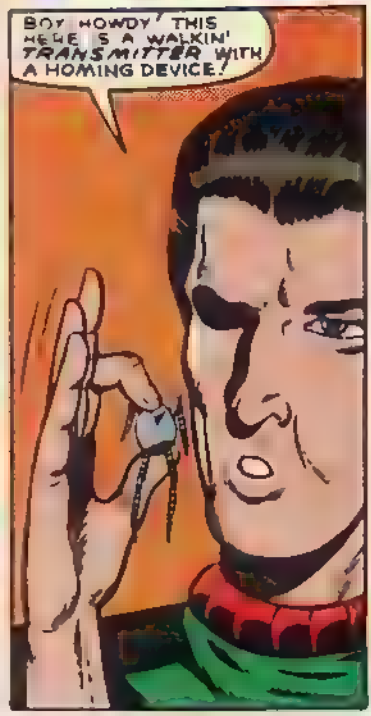

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT'S DOIN'! IT'S CLIMBING UP THE SHAFT!

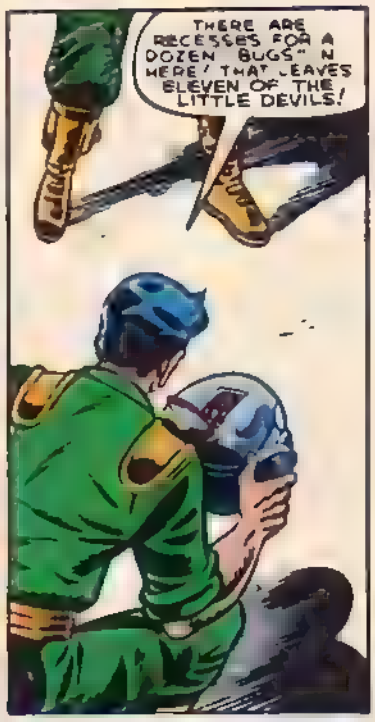
NO BIG DEAL! I'LL JUST KNOCK IT BACK DOWN!
ZAP
GOOD SHOT FLASH!


KLUNK!

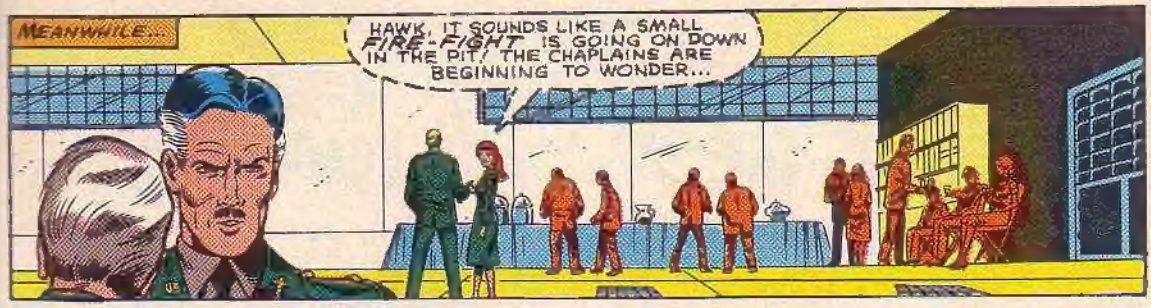
NO WONDER IT WAS JUMPIN' AROUND! IT HAD BUGS IN ITS HEAD!

HMPH! DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY BUGS I'VE EVER SEEN!
SMASH


BOY HOWDY! THIS HERE'S A WALKIN' TRANSMITTER WITH A HOMING DEVICE!


THERE ARE RECESSES FOR A DOZEN BUGS" IN HERE! THAT LEAVES ELEVEN OF THE LITTLE DEVILS!

SPREAD OUT, JOES! IF JUST ONE OF 'EM MAKES IT TO THE SURFACE, THE PIT IS COMPROMISED!
WE'VE GOT TO SMASH EVERY SINGLE ONE!


MEANWHILE...
HAWK, IT SOUNDS LIKE A SMALL FIRE-FIGHT IS GOING ON DOWN IN THE PIT! THE CHAPLAINS ARE BEGINNING TO WONDER...

I KNOW, SCARLETT... BUT WE DARE NOT DO ANYTHING UNTIL THE TEA IS OVER!
BUT--

COBRA COMMANDER! THE ROBOT SIGNAL IS WAY PAST OVERDUE--

IN THREE MINUTES THE FUEL SITUATION WILL REACH A CRITICAL POINT! OUR SAFE RETURN TO OUR OWN BASE WILL BE ENDANGERED...
WE WILL WAIT THE FULL THREE MINUTES!

DOWN ON THE COMPUTER LEVEL OF THE PIT...
PHEW! THAT ROBOT MUSTIVE KNOCKED OUT OUR INTERNAL SENSORS WHEN IT JAMMED THE BLAST-DOORS! IT'LL TAKE TIME TO GET 'EM BACK IN OPERATION!

UNTIL YOU DO, WE'LL HAVE TO TRACK THESE BUGS BY HAND!
SWAT

AND FOOT!
STOMP

KA-POW!

IT'S DONE! WE'VE GOT THE SENSORS BACK!
START TRACKIN', BREAKER! WE'VE ACCOUNTED FOR ALL THE BUGS EXCEPT ONE!
I'VE GOT IT, STALKER!
OH, NO!
WHAT IS IT, BREAKER? WHAT'S WRONG?
"IT'S WITHIN INCHES OF THE SURFACE GRATE TO THE MOTOR POOL!"
WE'LL NEVER STOP IT IN TIME!
COBRA'S GONNA BE ON US LIKE FLIES ON A COW-PIE AS SOON AS THAT LITTLE TRANSMITTER STARTS BLEEPIN'!
WE'VE HAD IT.
I SAY... THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING UNDER THIS GRATE...
WHA--?!
IT'S A BUG! AN INSECT!
21

IS THAT ALL, PADRE? WE'RE USED TO THAT AROUND THE MOTOR POOL!

CRUNCH!

HEY! WATCH OUT!
SMASHED BUG PARTS--?!

COBRA COMMANDER! THE THREE MINUTES ARE UP! WE MUST TERMINATE THIS MISSION!
ORDER ALL UNITS TO RETURN TO COBRA CENTRAL!

LUCKILY, WE HAVE MORE THAN ONE PLAN TO DESTROY G. I. JOE!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER I'D SWEAR THAT I HEARD PEOPLE CHEERING UNDER THAT GRATE...
MUST BE SOME MORE OF THAT ACOUSTICAL PHENOMENON THE COLONEL MENTIONED EARLIER...

YOU KNOW, SCARLETT... I MAY HAVE BEEN PUSHING THE JOES A BIT TOO HARD LATELY! I THINK I'LL RECOMMEND THEM FOR A LITTLE EXTRA LEAVE TIME!
GOOD IDEA, HAWK! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE GOING BUGGY DOWN THERE!
END

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